

EPISODE THREE

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

by
Don Houghton

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"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

CAST:

DR WHO

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

JO GRANT

MIKE YATES (TK Only)

THE MASTER

CAPTAIN CHIN LEE

SERGEANT BENTON (TK Only)

SENATOR ALCOTT

653 MAILER

529 BARNAM

524 VOSPER (Formerly billed as 'TRUSTIE')

THE GOVERNOR

DR SUMMERS

THE MONSTERS

(MALE VOICE - V.O.)

EXTRAS:

UNIT SOLDIERS

WARDERS

PRISONERS

HEAD WARDER

SETS:

STANGMOOR
PRISON:

CONDEMNED CELL

CORRIDOR

PROCESS CHAMBER

HOSPITAL ROOM (UTILITY

ONLY)

SWITCHBOARD (UTILITY ONLY)

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON

UNIT H.Q. LONDON

PHONE BACKING (UTILITY ONLY)

INTERIOR, ROLLS-ROYCE (UTILITY ONLY)

EXTERIORS:

Rolls-Royce parked outside UNIT H.Q.

A Road/Deserted Country Road

Narrow Country Lane/Narrow Wooden or Stone
Bridge

Prison Entrance or Courtyard

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OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE, LONDON

REPLAY THE WHOLE OF SC 38, EP 2, THUS:

CHIN LEE IS STILL STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM, COMPLETELY ACTIONLESS. SHE STARES AT THE DOOR. ESTABLISH. THEN THERE IS A KNOCK.

CHIN LEE: Come in.

THE DOOR OPENS AND SENATOR ALCOTT BUSTLES IN. HE CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND COMES FORWARD.

ALCOTT: May I ask what all this is about, Captain?

CHIN LEE: Of course.

ALCOTT: And where is Mr Fu Peng?

CHIN LEE: He will be here soon.

WE HEAR THE LOW THROBBING SOUND.

ALCOTT: Listen, I don't have the time to.. (HE PUTS A HAND UP TO HIS EAR AND SHAKES HIS HEAD) Hey, have you left some electrical gadget running... I can hear this buzzing noise...

AND NOW CHIN LEE BEGINS MOVING SLOWLY VERY SLOWLY TOWARDS ALCOTT:

ALCOTT: Sort of throbbing...

FROM ALCOTT'S P.O.V: CHIN LEE'S IMAGE BEGINS TO WAVER BEFORE HIS EYES. HE PUTS HIS HANDS UP TO HIS TEMPLES.

ALCOTT: It's - it's hot in here... Hey, what's happening...?

AND NOW, AS CHIN LEE GETS CLOSER, HER WHOLE IMAGE BEGINS TO DISTORT VIOLENTLY. ALCOTT'S EYES OPEN WIDE WITH ALARM.

ALCOTT: (PANICKY) GET back - you hear me... Get back...

HOLD ON ALCOTT'S P.O.V. OF CHIN LEE: OVER HER ENTIRE FIGURE A HORRIFIC, TERRIFYING CHINESE DEVIL-MASK IS FORMING, SUSPENDED IN THE AIR BEFORE HIM. ITS EYES BLAZING FEARFULLY, ITS MOUTH OPENING AS THOUGH TO DEVOUR HIM. CHIN LEE HERSELF HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED.

ALCOTT SCREAMS AS THE NIGHTMARE MONSTER BLOTS OUT EVERYTHING ELSE IN FRONT OF HIM. IT SWOOPS IN TO ATTACK HIM. HE GASPS VIOLENTLY - AND CLUTCHES AT HIS CHEST. HE SINKS TO HIS KNEES AS THE DEVIL-MASK TOWERS OVER HIM APPALLINGLY...

THE THROBBING NOISE FILLS THE WHOLE ROOM - AS ALCOTT COLLAPSES BACK WITH TERRIBLE FEAR AND SHOCK MIRRORED ON HIS FACE. HE SCREAMS IN HORROR...

THE DOOR JERKS OPEN AND THE DOCTOR RUSHES IN. FROM HIS P.O.V. HE SEES CHIN LEE, THE DEVIL-MASK BLURRED AND SUPERED OVER HER IMAGE, WITH ALCOTT COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR BEFORE HER. HE MOVES QUICKLY TO CHIN LEE AND SWIFTLY APPLIES A VENUSIAN PRESSURE HOLD. AS HE DOES SO THE MASK BEGINS TO DISINTEGRATE AND DISAPPEAR. CHIN LEE LOOKS STARTLED - AS THOUGH JUST VIOLENTLY AWAKENED FROM A DEEP COMA. WITH A MAON, ALCOTT PASSES OUT. THE DOCTOR RELEASES THE HOLD ON CHIN LEE, SHE STAGGERS BACK, SHAKING HER HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR IT. THE DOCTOR BENDS OVER ALCOTT AND CHECKS HIS PULSE AND RESPIRATION. SATISFIED THAT THE SENATOR HAS JUST FAINTED FROM SHOCK, HE RISES AND TURNS TO CHIN LEE.

DR. WHO: (QUIETLY, EVENLY) The attempted murder of a high ranking American diplomat can have very serious political repercussions, Captain.

CHIN LEE: (UTTERLY CONFUSED) Murder...? American diplomat...? Please - I don't understand... How did he get here?

DR WHO: You probably asked him to come.

CHIN LEE: (INCREDULOUSLY) Ask an American to come here to the Chinese Delegate's Suite...? Why?

DR WHO: To kill him.

CHIN LEE: Who are you?

DR WHO: For the moment that's relatively unimportant.

CHIN LEE MOVES TO THE PHONE.

CHIN LEE: I shall call the Security Guards.

DR WHO: (CALMLY) Yes, do that. And whilst you're about it, explain to them how the American Delegate comes to be lying here - unconscious.

RELUCTANTLY CHIN LEE TAKES HER HAND FROM THE PHONE AND RETURNS. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT ALCOTT.

CHIN LEE: I - I don't know what happened.

DR WHO: I'm beginning to get an idea.

CHIN LEE: Is he alright?

DR WHO: He will be. But it's a wonder his hair hasn't turned snow white. A few seconds more - and he would have died of shock, Captain.

CHIN LEE: (RELUCTANTLY) I must report this. There are political differences between ourselves and the Americans - but I wish them no physical harm.

DR WHO: He hasn't suffered physical harm.

CHIN LEE SITS DOWN, BADLY SHAKEN.

CHIN LEE: We should call a doctor.

DR WHO: Well - er - I am a doctor - sort of.

THE DOCTOR MAKES ALCOTT AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE AND THEN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO CHIN LEE.

CHIN LEE: I don't understand.

DR WHO: To put it in a nutshell, I believe someone is using you to try and disrupt that Peace Conference.

CHIN LEE: Using me? How?

BUT BEFORE THE DOCTOR CAN ANSWER - THAT THROBBING SOUND STARTS UP AGAIN, VERY FAINTLY. CHIN LEE PUTS A HAND UP TO HER TEMPLES.

DR WHO: Headache, Captain ?

CHIN LEE: A - a strange feeling.

DR WHO: You hear a throbbing sound ?

CHIN LEE: Yes.

FROM THE DOCTOR'S P.O.V. HER IMAGE BEGINS TO DISTORT SLIGHTLY. HE MOVES QUICKLY TO HER AND GENTLY APPLIES THE VENUSIAN PRESSURE HOLD AGAIN. THE THROBBING SOUND STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

DR WHO: Better ?

CHIN LEE: Yes.

DR WHO: Good. I think you'll find the - disturbance - will become less frequent now.

CHIN LEE: Am I ill ?

DR WHO: Not exactly. One might say - contaminated.

CHIN LEE: How ?

DR WHO: To get the answer to that I must ask you a few questions. Will you cooperate ?

CHIN LEE: Of course.

DR WHO: Think hard, Captain. Some time ago you met a man. He probably said he was a scientist. I imagine he went out of his way to become friendly.

CHIN LEE: There was such a person. A Professor Emil Dalbiac.

DR WHO: Ah!

CHIN LEE: The inventor of some machine.

DR WHO: The Malusyphus Process for Criminal Reform.

CHIN LEE: Yes, that was it.

THE PHONE RINGS. CHIN LEE RISES TO ANSWER IT - BUT THE DOCTOR BEATS HER TO IT.

DR WHO: I think I know who that is. Let me answer.

BRIGADIER: How do you know all this ?

DR WHO: He's in the room with me now.

BRIGADIER: (EXPLODES) In the Chinese Delegate's room ??

DR WHO: Yes. Oh, and for goodness sake, don't go getting your Sam Browne in a knot. Everything's going to be alright. Is there any news from Stangmoor ?

BRIGADIER: No, nothing.

DR WHO: Alright, I'll see you back at UNIT HQ.

AND THE DOCTOR HANGS UP.

BRIGADIER: Wait a minute! Hallo... Hallo..

HE JIGGLES THE RECEIVER, BUT THE LINE IS DEAD. HE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN ANGRILY.

BRIGADIER: (FUMES) Of all the impossible, infuriating, insubordinate... (AND THE WORDS FAIL HIM)

RESUME:

3. INT. CHINESE DELEGATE'S SUITE. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR RETURNS TO CHIN LEE, AFTER QUICKLY HAVING A LOOK TO MAKE SURE THAT ALCOTT IS ALRIGHT.

DR WHO: Sorry about that interruption. Now where were we ? Oh, yes. The Malusyphus Process. You became interested in it ?

CHIN LEE: Yes. Criminal Reform is high on our list of priorities in Peking.

DR WHO: So you were invited to see the machine ?

CHIN LEE: (FROWNS) Yes. But somehow I do not remember much...

DR WHO: You went to a place called Stangmoor Prison ?

CHIN LEE: Yes. I remember the name... I remember what the place looked like...

DR WHO: (SMILES TO HIMSELF) Earl Dalbiac's Chinese 'assistant'.

CHIN LEE: I beg your pardon ?

DR WHO: A box, Captain... A box linked to the machine...

CHIN LEE: Yes!

SHE PUTS HER HANDS UP TO HER TEMPLES, DESPERATELY TRYING TO REMEMBER.

CHIN LEE: It was there that I first heard...

DR WHO: The throbbing sound!

CHIN LEE NODS.

CHIN LEE: Who was this man, Dalbiac ?

DR WHO: Certainly not the person he pretended to be, anyway.

ALCOTT BEGINS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS HE MOANS. THE DOCTOR BENDS OVER HIM.

DR WHO: Hallo, old chap. Feeling a bit better now ?

ALCOTT: What happened ?

DR WHO: Jellied eels.

ALCOTT: Eh ?

DR WHO: Play havoc with your constitution - if you're not used to them.

ALCOTT: Now, hold on a minute! There was this horrible face! Like a devil out of Hades

DR WHO: M'mm. Definitely jellied eels. Typical symptoms. Comes on suddenly.

CUT TO:

4. INSERT. PHOTO-STILL. STANGMOOR PRISON EXTERIOR.

TO ESTABLISH CHANGE OF LOCATION.

CUT TO:

5. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON SAME TIME.

JO AND DR SUMMERS ARE STILL HELD CAPTIVE BY MAILER AND HIS ESCAPEES. THE SITUATION MUCH AS IT WAS IN SCS 29 AND 33, EP 2.

*Previously just called the TRUSTIE in Ep 2.

VOSPER*: (TO MAILER, AGITATED) Look all they have to do is sit it out, Harry. They can starve us...

MAILER: And their hostages ?

VOSPER: The Governor's tough...

MAILER: Shut up!

DR SUMMERS: 'Q' Block's surrounded, Mailer. You don't stand a chance.

MAILER: Oh, yes I do, Doc. A good one, too. As long as I'm holding that woman here. Maybe the Governor'd sacrifice you and the Warders - but he won't want anything to happen to a woman, will he ?

VOSPER: (SUDDENLY) Hey, Harry - send the Doc in to talk to them. Maybe he can make a deal.

MAILER: That's the best idea you've come up with, matay. (TO DR SUMMERS) Alright, Doc - what about it ? The Governor'd listen to you, wouldn't he ?

DR SUMMERS: I don't know.

MAILER: Just tell him that I want safe conduct out've here for me and my mates. That's all. But make sure he knows that if we don't get it - then the woman and the Warders - die. Make it sound convincing, Doc.

VOSPER: Or your conscience won't give you any sleep for a long time to come.

MAILER: He's got just half an hour to make up his mind. That's the deadline.

DR SUMMERS: Miss Grant...

JCI: (QUIETLY) I think you'd better do as they say, Doctor.

MAILER: (TO THE OTHER PRISONERS) Alright, let the Doc through. He's going to parley with the Governor.

VOSPER ESCORTS DR SUMMERS PAST THE CAPTIVE WARDERS AND THE OTHER PRISONERS, TO THE END OF THE CORRIDOR.

JCI: (TO MAILER) Even if the Governor agrees there's no guarantee you won't kill the rest of us, is there ?

MAILER: (LAUGHS) No guarantee at all, luv. None at all.

CUT TO:

6. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

329 BARNAM IS LYING QUIETLY BACK ON HIS BED, EYES STARING AT THE CEILING. WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIS FACE. VERY SLOWLY A PUZZLED FROWN CREASES HIS FOREHEAD. HE SITS UP AND LOOKS ABOUT HIM.

BARNAM: (CALLS GENTLY) Doctor ?

CUT TO:

7. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

CLOSE ON THE 'BOX'. THE SPARKING AND THROBBING BEGIN TO SUBSIDE SUDDENLY, AS THOUGH THE THING IS TEMPORARILY EXHAUSTED.

CUT BACK TO:

8. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

329 BARNAM GETS OUT OF THE BED AND STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

BARNAM: Where are you, Doctor ?

CUT TO:

9. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

PROBABLY OAK PANELLED AND SLIGHTLY OLD FASHIONED. THERE WOULD BE A FEW MILITARY PRINTS AND PHOTOS, ETC, TO POINT UP THE GOVERNOR'S EX ARMY BACKGROUND. HE STANDS BEHIND HIS DESK, STUDYING A 'SITUATION' PLAN OF THE PRISON, WITH 'Q' BLOCK SURROUNDED BY A LARGE MARKER-RED CIRCLE. DR SUMMERS STANDS BEFORE HIM. THE HEAD WARDEN, ARMED WITH A RIFLE OR STEN GUN, IS IN THE B.G.

GOVERNOR: Doctor, it's inconceivable that we should let Maller and his thugs loose! I'm afraid the Warders will just have to take their chances.

DR SUMMERS: And Miss Grant, Governor ? They won't hesitate to kill her, too.

GOVERNOR: She's attached to UNIT Command Doctor. That means she comes under military jurisdiction... She's a soldier!

DR SUMMERS: Well, hardly.

GOVERNOR: I don't see that there's anything I can do. At least 'Q' Block is contained, at present. Those prisoners can't get out...

DR SUMMERS: And you can't get in.

GOVERNOR: Exactly! So what's the answer? You give me any alternative, any compromise - and I'll act on it. (PAUSE) Well, Doctor?

DR SUMMERS: Whatever happens, I couldn't condone a murder, sir. I'm afraid I would have to let Mailer go.

GOVERNOR: (QUIETLY, WEARILY) Yes, I know. And that's why I'm the Governor of this Prison, Doctor, and not you. Unfortunately I can't take that easy way out. Mailer is a psychopathic killer - so are many of the other inmates of 'Q' Block.

THE GOVERNOR TURNS BACK TO THE 'SITUATION' PLAN.

GOVERNOR: I've got the whole area surrounded by armed men. If they get the slightest chance - they'll rush the Block. Otherwise, we must just sit it out.

DR SUMMERS: And take the consequences.

GOVERNOR: Yes.

CUT TO:

10. INSERT. PHOTO STILL. UNIT HQ EXTERIOR LONDON.

OPTIONAL.

TO ESTABLISH CHANGE OF LOCATION.

CUT TO:

11. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS AT HIS DESK, SPEAKING INTO HIS RED PRIORITY TELEPHONE. SOME LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY SITS CHIN LEE, LOOKING DEPRESSED AND DEJECTED. THE DOCTOR STANDS BESIDE HER, HIS ARM ABOUT HER SHOULDERS COMFORTINGLY.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) Yes, Foreign Secretary. Yes, it would seem as though the immediate crisis is over. The other Delegate's have accepted Senator Alcott's apologies and it would seem that the talks are getting under way satisfactorily.

CUT TO:

12. INT. MASTER'S ROLLS-ROYCE. SAME TIME

THE MASTER IS LISTENING TO THE BRIGADIER'S PHONE CONVERSATION THROUGH HIS MICRO-RECEIVER. HE SCOWLS ANGRILY AS HE REALISES THAT HIS PLAN HAS BEEN THWARTED.

BRIGADIER: (ON FILTER) The American Deputy has the situation under control. No, sir, it appears that the Senator merely suffered a stomach upset. Jellied eels, I believe. General Cheng Teik's death? No, sir - but we're inclined to believe it may have been accidental. My associate is of the opinion...

HIS FACE, BY NOW, BLACK WITH FURY AND ANGER, THE MASTER SWITCHES OFF THE RECEIVER AND PUTS IT ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM. AS HE DOES, HIS FINGERS TOUCH A COPY OF A NEWSPAPER. HE GLANCES DOWN CLOSE IN CLOSE ON THE HEADLINES: 'STANGMOOR PRISON REVOLT. CONVICTED KILLER HARRY MAILER NAMED AS RING-LEADER'. AND THERE IS A PHOTO OF MAILER BESIDE THE STORY.

THE MASTER PICKS UP THE NEWSPAPER. HIS EYES NARROW AND THE ANGER BEGINS TO FADE FROM HIS FACE. A NEW PLAN IS FORMING. HE SWITCHES ON THE IGNITION. THE ENGINE PURRS INTO LIFE.

CUT TO:

TK 1. Rolls-Royce close by UNIT H.Q. Day.

The Rolls-Royce pulls away from the curbside - and drives swiftly away.

13. INT. UNIT H.Q. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER FINISHES HIS PHONE CONVERSATION.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) ... Thank you very much, sir. Yes, I'll keep you well informed Goodbye, sir.

HE REPLACES THE PHONE, A LOOK OF SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE. THE DOCTOR MOVES TO HIM.

DR WHO: You got a pat on the back from the Foreign Secretary, judging by the look on your face.

BRIGADIER: He was pleased with the progress we made...

DR WHO: We made?

BRIGADIER: Well, the important thing is that the Conference is under way.

DR WHO: And everything in the garden is lovely.

BRIGADIER: It will be - when I've got a few more answers from you.

DR WHO: I told you what happened.

BRIGADIER: You told me some crazy, cockeye story about...

DR WHO: I stopped Senator Alcott from getting himself killed!

BRIGADIER: (POINTS TO CHIN LEE) She was responsible for that - and for General Cheng Teik's murder!

DR WHO: Responsible - but not guilty!

BRIGADIER: You will persist in talking in riddles!

DR WHO: She wasn't acting of her own volition. She didn't know what was happening.

BRIGADIER: There's not a court of Law in this country would believe that!

DR WHO: You'd never get the case to a Court of Law. There's not one scrap of evidence or proof that she was in any way connected with the Senator's temporary disappearance - or the General's death. And well you know it!

BRIGADIER: You want her to go scot free ?

DR WHO: (EXASPERATED) She hasn't done anything! I told you, not more than five minutes ago, there is a connection between this business and the investigations I was carrying out up at Stangmoor Prison. That's where the answers lie, Brigadier.

THE BRIGADIER FROWNS AND LOOKS AWAY.

BRIGADIER: Well, you can't go back up there yet.

DR WHO: Haven't they put down the riot ?

BRIGADIER: No.

DR WHO: (PERSISTS) But you've had more news ?

BRIGADIER: Yes.

DR WHO: What's happened ?

BRIGADIER: There's nothing you can do.

DR WHO: (SUDDENLY) It's Jo Grant!

BRIGADIER: She's being held as a hostage by the rioting prisoners.

DR WHO: And you've only just decided to tell me that? Whilst I've been scrabbling around on your behalf... What else?

BRIGADIER: They've threatened to shoot her unless the Governor allows the ringleaders to walk out of the place as free men.

DR WHO: (ANGRY) A hostage...? And you're just sitting here - doing nothing?

BRIGADIER: I can't interfere. It's a matter for the prison authorities.

EMBARRASSED, THE BRIGADIER LOOKS DOWN AT THE WORK ON HIS DESK.

BRIGADIER: I'm as worried as you - but this is beyond the jurisdiction of UNIT Command. The Governor is a highly competent man - he's bound to have things under control soon.

THE BRIGADIER LOOKS UP - BUT THE DOCTOR HAS GONE.

CUT TO:

TK 2. A Road. Day.

Brief travelling shot of the DOCTOR speeding along in his car. His face is grim and determined.

14. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

MAILER IS GETTING IMPATIENT. HE WALKS OVER TO THE NEAREST CAPTIVE WARDEN AND HAS A LOOK AT THE MAN'S WRIST WATCH. THEN HE TURNS TO JO.

MAILER: Your time's running out.

JO: So is yours.

VOSPER: (ANXIOUSLY) So what are we going to do, Harry?

MAILER: Wait.

VOSPER: Until they bust in here?

MAILER: Maybe we ought to send them out a dead warder - just as a reminder that we're not playing games.

JO: And add another murder to your list of crimes ?

MAILER MOVES QUICKLY OVER TO JO. ANGRILY HE WAVES THE GUN UNDER HER CHIN.

MAILER: Listen, lady! I'm Harry Mailer a three time loser. You know what this means ? They've already thrown the book at me. Another killing doesn't make any difference one way or the other. If they get that crazy machine working again - I'm the next for it! Well, no one's going to strap me into that thing - not whilst I've got a breath left in my body. I'd just as soon finish you all off - right here and now...

VOSPER: (SUDDENLY) Harry! Look!

MAILER TURNS, GUN AT THE READY. WE FOLLOW VOSPER'S GAZE. FROM THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR 829 BARNAM HAS SHUFFLED INTO VIEW. HE WEARS A FIXED, SMILING EXPRESSION.

MAILER: Barnam!

VOSPER: He must have come from the hospital.

AT THE SIGHT OF BARNAM, MAILER HAS RELAXED HIS VIGIL. HE STANDS NOW WITH HIS BACK TO JO. THE OTHER PRISONERS, INCLUDING VOSPER, ARE ALL STARING AT BARNAM.

BARNAM: (VAGUELY) I'm looking for Dr Summers. Has anyone seen Dr Summers ?

MAILER: He gives me the creeps. Get him out of here.

IT IS AT THIS MOMENT THAT JO SPRINGS INTO ACTION. MAILER STILL HAS HIS BACK TO HER. THE GUN IS IN HIS RIGHT HAND. SHE POUNCES AND WHIPS A WRIST LOCK ONTO IT. INSTINCTIVELY MAILER FIRES - AND HITS ONE OF HIS OWN MEN GUARDING A NEARBY WARDER. THE PRISONER SPINS ROUND WITH THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET. THE WARDER SHOUTS TO HIS COMPANIONS AND THEY IMMEDIATELY TURN ON THE REMAINDER OF THE PRISONERS. MEAN WHILE JO HAS SPUN THE ASTONISHED MAILER USING HIS OWN WRIST AS A PIVOT. HE ENDS UP, FLAT ON HIS BACK ON THE FLOOR.

more -

HIS GUN RATTLES AWAY OUT OF HIS REACH. IN THE B.G. A SHORT, SHARP FIGHT ENSUES BETWEEN THE WARDERS AND THE PRISONER - WHICH IS BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT HALT WHEN ONE OF THE WARDERS MANAGES TO PUT A WHISTLE TO HIS LIPS. MOMENTS LATER ARMED WARDERS, LED BY THE HEAD WARDER, RUSH IN - AND THE REVOLT IS OVER.

JO MOVES OVER TO MAILER'S GUN, PICKS IT UP AND HANDS IT TO A WARDER. FROM HIS POSITION ON THE FLOOR, MAILER LOOKS UP AT HER STARTLED. VOSPER'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH INCREDULITY.

VOSPER: Did she do that ?

JO: Yes, she did. There's more to being a UNIT Officer than just wearing a natty uniform, you know.

MAILER IS DRAGGED TO HIS FEET BY A COUPLE OF WARDERS AND BUNDLED BACK TOWARDS THE CONDEMNED CELL. THE OTHER PRISONERS ARE LINED UP. 829 BARNAM IS LED GENTLY AWAY BY JO.

CUT TO:

15. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. A LITTLE LATER

THE BRIGADIER IS ON THE PHONE. CHIN LEE STANDS BESIDE HIM.

BRIGADIER: (INTO PHONE) ...Thank you ve much for letting me know, Governor. And Stangmoor is back to normal again, then ? Yes. Good. Would you tell Lieutenant Grant to take things easy for a while. Thank you again.

HE REPLACES THE RECEIVER.

CHIN LEE: The trouble at Stangmoor is at an end ?

BRIGADIER: Yes, Captain.

CHIN LEE: Then the Doctor's journey will be for nothing.

BRIGADIER: (SMILES) Yes. I told him it wouldn't be long before the authorities got things under control again - but, of course, he won't listen. Always eager to dash off into the wild blue yonder...

CUT TO:

TK 3. Deserted country road. Day.

But the DOCTOR isn't dashing off anywhere.
His car comes to a staggering, belching
halt, great clouds of multi-coloured smoke
billowing from under the bonnet, the engine
coughing and sparking like fury. He raises
his eyes to the heavens in exasperation,
gets out, rolls up his sleeves - and prepares
to delve under the bonnet of the machine.

16. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, STANGMOOR
PRISON. SAME TIME.

THE GOVERNOR IS AT HIS DESK. JO AND
DR SUMMERS SIT OPPOSITE HIM. THE
HEAD WARDER, STILL ARMED, STANDS IN
THE B.G.

GOVERNOR: ...So, thanks to the prompt
action of Miss Grant, we have managed to avert
a major crisis. All the prisoners have been
rounded up and returned to their cells. Including
653 Maller.

DR SUMMERS: What's going to happen to him
now?

GOVERNOR: Sentence will be carried out
on him as soon as possible.

JO: But the Malusyphus isn't
operative.

GOVERNOR: That problem will be solved soon
I'm happy to say. We've just had word that
Professor Emil Dalbiac himself is on his way
to Stangmoor.

DR SUMMERS: The inventor of the process?

GOVERNOR: Yes, he should be here within the
hour. He'll have the thing functioning again in
no time.

JO: (DOUBTFULLY) But the Doctor
said that no one was to go near the machine.

GOVERNOR: I respect the Doctor's advice,
Miss Grant, but those instructions of his couldn't
apply to the man who invented the machine, could
they?

DR SUMMERS: I rather wish he'd never dreamt
the thing up.

GOVERNOR: But it's the greatest advance in
Criminal Reform for ages.

DR SUMMERS: It's not exactly a reform,
Governor. That machine changes the subject's
whole character.

GOVERNOR: Which, judging by 829 Barnam, is a great improvement on the one they had before

DR SUMMERS: It's still changing a man's mental balance...

JO: And the Doctor was particularly worried about the reservoir box...

GOVERNOR: Yes, well, the technicalities are all beyond me.

THE GOVERNOR RISES.

GOVERNOR: In the meantime, Miss Grant, my wife has a good, hot meal waiting for you. Your commanding officer has given specific instructions that you are to rest up after your ordeal. Flora will take good care of you over at the house.

JO: Thank you very much, Governor, but I'm not at all...

GOVERNOR: Brigadier's orders, Miss Grant. The Head Warden'll show you the way.

THE HEAD WARDEN OPENS THE DOOR AND USHERS JO RELUCTANTLY OUT.

GOVERNOR: (FROWNS) It was a near thing. That girl could have been killed.

DR SUMMERS: (EVENLY) Yes, she could, Governor.

GOVERNOR: Shan't be sorry to see Dalbiac here. The sooner I get 653 Mailer processed, the happier I shall be.

CUT TO:

17. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

CHIN LEE IS GROWING IMPATIENT. SHE STANDS BEFORE THE BRIGADIER.

CHIN LEE: (QUIETLY) Brigadier, if I am to be held here, then my Embassy should be informed.

BRIGADIER: (DISTRACTED) What? Oh no, Captain. No, we can't hold you - technically.

CHIN LEE: I believe the Doctor told you...

BRIGADIER: Yes, I know what the Doctor told me.

CHIN LEE: Then I am free to go?

BRIGADIER: Yes. But I would be grateful if you would keep in touch with us.

CHIN LEE: I shall be at the Conference, if I am required. I have much work to catch up on.

BRIGADIER: Yes, I'm sure.

SHE BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY, BUT THEN TURNS BACK TO THE BRIGADIER.

CHIN LEE: Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Yes ?

CHIN LEE: Who is the Doctor ?

BRIGADIER: (WITH DEEP FEELING) The bane of my life, madam!

CHIN LEE SHRUGS AND EXITS. THE BRIGADIER RISES FROM HIS DESK AND MOVES OVER TO A COMMUNICATIONS CLERK NEARBY

BRIGADIER: Is there any news from Captain Yates ? I should like to know what progress he's making with the NEM convoy. We haven't had an ETA from him yet, have we ?

CUT TO:

TK 4. Narrow Country Lane. Day.

MIKE is having problems of his own. He sits next to SERGEANT BENTON, who is still driving the massive truck carrying the NRM. Their progress is painfully slow. Each time the truck jerks over a rut, both men shudder instinctively - waiting for their cargo to blow up. The ESCORT, jeep and UNIT motorcyclists, crawl along with them.

We move into the driving cabin as BENTON, gritting his teeth, turns to MIKE.

BENTON: This could make an old man of you, sir.

MIKE: (TENSE) You keep your eyes on the road Sergeant - otherwise neither of us will see our next birthday, never mind old age! Try and miss those holes. Remember what they said about vibration sending this thing sky high.

C.U. on the truck wheel lurching into a deep rut. MIKE and the SERGEANT tense up immediately.

BENTON: (GRIMLY) It's not easy, sir.

MIKE consults his map.

MIKE: There should be a bridge up ahead. After that the road gets better.

BENTON: We hope.

BENTON takes a firmer grip on the wheel.

A narrow Wooden or Stone Bridge. Day.

As the convoy eases round a bend, they come in sight of a small, narrow bridge. The truck comes to a halt.

We move back to the driving cabin. BENTON stares at the bridge with horror.

BENTON: (INCREDULITY) Here, sir - they don't expect me to get this thing over that, do they ?

MIKE: I'd like to have a quiet word with the imbecile who chose this route!

BENTON: That bridge'll never carry this weight!

MIKE: We either go over it, Sergeant - or back-up the eighteen miles we've come. Fancy that ?

BENTON: No. But I reckon we won't go over that bridge, sir - we're more likely to go through it.

MIKE: I'll guide.

And MIKE hops out of the driving cabin. He waves the escorting jeep and motorbikes out of the way and well clear. Then he goes over to inspect the bridge. He pulls a face as he examines it. Then he signals the truck on. BENTON puts the thing into gear - and edges it slowly forward.

As the truck moves onto the bridge, we can hear the whole structure creaking. Intercut, as required, between BENTON's face in concentration, MIKE's reaction, C.U. on the truck wheel creaking over the bridge, etc.

In the B.G. the Escorting UNIT SOLDIERS have forsaken the jeep and their bikes - and have taken cover, burying their heads deep in the undergrowth, waiting for the blast.

The truck plods on. One of its sides scraping the bridge rampart horribly.

From under the bridge dust and debris clatter down ominously.

The engine screeches as one of the back wheels spins madly - and then the truck jerks forward as the tyre grips again.

And through all this MIKE and BENTON are dying a thousand deaths.

18. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. A LITTLE LAT

THE GOVERNOR IS STANDING AT HIS WINDOW LOOKING OUT, OBVIOUSLY WAITING FOR DALBIAC.

CUT TO:

19. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

MAILER LIES ON HIS BUNK, STARING UP MOODILY AT THE CEILING. A WARDER WATCHES HIM CAREFULLY.

CUT TO:

20. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

COME IN CLOSE ON THE 'BOX', AS IT FUMES AND THROBS QUIETLY.

CUT BACK TO:

21. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

SUDDENLY THE GOVERNOR CATCHES SIGHT OF SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. HIS EYES LIGHT UP WITH RELIEF.

CUT TO:

TK 5. Prison Entrance or Courtyard Below. Day.

As a black Rolls-Royce drives into view from the Governor's P.O.V.

22. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE INTERCOM ON THE GOVERNOR'S DESK BUZZES. HE GOES OVER TO IT AND FLICKS THE SWITCH.

GOVERNOR: Yes ?

VOICE: (MALE. THROUGH INTERCOM)
Main Gate reports that Professor Dalbiac has arrived, sir.

GOVERNOR: Yes. I've just seen his car. Bring him straight up to my office after he's been through Reception.

THE GOVERNOR FLICKS OFF THE INTERCOM
AND RELAXES BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

CUT TO:

TK 6. Narrow Wooden or Stone Bridge. Day.

Finally, the truck clears the bridge.
BENTON stops it on the other side and
slumps onto the wheel. MIKE comes
quickly up to the driving cabin.

The Escorting UNIT SOLDIERS rise
slowly from their cover - and move back
to the jeep and motorcycles.

MIKE gets into the driving cab beside
BENTON.

MIKE: Well done, Sergeant.

BENTON: (WEARILY) I shouldn't like to
go through that again, sir.

MIKE: Neither would I.

BENTON: I wonder if they're accepting
any volunteers for the Navy?

MIKE: Or Civvie Street! You want to
take a rest?

BENTON: No, I think I'd rather press on,
sir. If I let go of this wheel - I doubt whether
I'd ever go back to it.

He puts the truck into gear and it moves
slowly off. The escorting jeep and
motorcycles move into position. The
convoy continues on its slow, laborious
way.

23. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

DALBIAC (WHO IS, OF COURSE, THE MASTER
IS SHOWN INTO THE OFFICE BY A WARDEN.
THE GOVERNOR COMES FORWARD, ARM
OUTSTRETCHED IN GREETING. THE WARDEN
LEAVES. THE MASTER TAKES THE GOVERNOR
-S HAND.

GOVERNOR: Ah, Professor Dalbiac, you don't
know how glad I am to see you!

MASTER: I came the moment I heard.

GOVERNOR: Well, in the meantime, we've had
some excitement of our own.

MASTER: Yes, I read about the riot.

GOVERNOR: Nothing to do with the Malusyphu of course. But the ringleader was the next prisoner scheduled for processing.

MASTER: And he wasn't keen on the idea ?

GOVERNOR: Evidently not.

MASTER: Yet the Malusyphus offers them a new life - and a chance of redemption.

GOVERNOR: They still don't like it.

MASTER: I read the report on the last subject - a prisoner called Barnam.

GOVERNOR: Yes. Our Dr Summers was not at all happy about his initial reaction to the processing.

MASTER: How is he now ?

GOVERNOR: He seems well and subdued.

MASTER: Good.

GOVERNOR: But the machine appeared to react violently - and there was some sort of accident later.

MASTER: Yes, I heard about Mr Kettering

GOVERNOR: That sort of thing...

MASTER: ...Will not occur again, I assure you, Governor. It sounds as though the impulse circuit on the console needs some adjustment.

GOVERNOR: And this man, Mailer ?

MASTER: We can go ahead with the sentence.

GOVERNOR: Good. I'll inform the Home Secretary.

MASTER: I shall have to see the man first.

GOVERNOR: I wouldn't advise that, Professor. He's a most vicious and violent type...

MASTER: I'm afraid I must insist. There are certain facets of his character that I must observe. They will assist me in my calculations when I prepare the machine.

GOVERNOR: Very well, then. I'll have a special guard detailed...

MASTER: I must see him alone.

GOVERNOR: But...

MASTER: I take full responsibility,
Governor.

GOVERNOR: As you wish.

MASTER: I hope no one has been interfering
with the machine during this time.

GOVERNOR: No. I've had the Processing
Chamber closed and locked. That was on the
advice of that fellow from UNIT - strange looking
chap... Frilly shirt, flowing cape... Never
did get his name...

MASTER: (QUIETLY) The Doctor.

GOVERNOR: Yes, I believe he was a Doctor
of some sort. Do you know him?

MASTER: Oh, yes, I know him alright.

CUT TO:

TK 7. Deserted Country Road. Day.

The DOCTOR has his head buried under
the bonnet of the car. Around him is
scattered a formidable array of bits and
pieces of machinery, etc. Over his shoulder
he chucks another bit of piping which
clatters down in amongst the other stuff.

24. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER, FOLLOWED BY THE GOVERNOR
AND TWO ARMED WARDERS, WALK TOWARDS
THE CONDEMNED CELL.

CUT TO:

25. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

MAILER SITS UP AS HE HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS
APPROACHING HIS CELL. THE WARDER
MOVES TO THE DOOR. THERE'S THE SOUND
OF A KEY IN THE LOCK. THE DOOR OPENS
AND THE MASTER COMES IN. THE GOVERNOR
IN THE B.G., MOTIONS TO MAILER'S WARDER

GOVERNOR: Alright, Samuels.

THE WARDEN LEAVES. THE CELL DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED BEHIND HIM. THE MASTER IS ALONE IN THE CELL WITH MAILER. THE LATTER EYES HIM SUSPICIOUSLY. THE MASTER GIVES HIM A CURSORY GLANCE AND THEN PEEKS ABOUT THE PLACE.

MAILER: Who're you ? What do you want ?

MASTER: (UNCONCERNED) Is this place bugged ?

MAILER: What ?

MASTER: Is there a microphone hidden in here ?

MAILER: No, I don't think so...

THE MASTER TAKES A GADGET FROM HIS POCKET, LIKE A PEN-TORCH, AND POINTS IT TO EACH OF THE WALLS IN TURN. SATISFIED THAT THERE IS NO WARNING SIGNAL, HE RETURNS IT TO HIS POCKET.

MASTER: Quite right. The place is clean. How very reactionary.

MAILER: Now, listen here...

MASTER: No, Mailer. You listen to me. I've come to help you.

MAILER: Eh ?

MASTER: You heard what I said. I'm going to set you loose, my friend.

MAILER: You're off your rocker.

MASTER: I read about your own feeble, abortive attempt to break out.

MAILER: It nearly worked...

MASTER: It was doomed to failure from the moment you started.

MAILER: Look, I...

MASTER: No plan, Mailer. No resources.

MAILER: Who are you ?

MASTER: Your benefactor.

MAILER GRUNTS.

MASTER: Yes, you and I are going to cause a great deal of havoc in this prison.

MAILER: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Just the two of us ?

MASTER: Not exactly. As it happens, we have another ally in this place - quite close by.

CUT TO:

26. INT. PROCESSING CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

CLOSE IN ON THE 'BOX' AS IT SLOWLY BEGIN TO ACTIVATE AGAIN.

CUT TO:

TK 5. Deserted Country Road. Day.

The DOCTOR wearily raises his head from under the bonnet. He glares at the car and then lowers the bonnet. Then he goes back towards the driving seat - but stops at the sight of the pile of discarded machinery on the ground. He frowns. Then shrugs. He gets into the car and turns on the ignition. After an initial splutter - the engine purrs into life. Ignoring the discarded bits and pieces on the road, he puts the car into gear - and with a squeal of the tyres, accelerates swiftly away.

27. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. A LITTLE LATER.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE WARDERS WAITING OUTSIDE THE CONDEMNED CELL.

CUT TO:

28. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

MAILER HAS BEEN LISTENING TO WHAT THE MASTER HAS BEEN SAYING.

MASTER: You understand, Mailer ?

MAILER: (SUBDUED) Yes. Yes, I got it.

MASTER: Any questions ?

MAILER: Just one.

MASTER: Yes ?

MAILER: Why're you doing this ? I mean, what am I to you ?

THE MASTER SHRUGS. AS HE SPEAKS HE TAKES SOME WELL CONCEALED THINGS FROM HIS POCKETS AND LAYS THEM OUT ON THE BUNK, ENSURING THAT THEY CAN'T BE SEEN FROM THE PEEP-HOLE IN THE CELL DOOR. (ALTERNATIVELY, THE MASTER MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT A MEDICAL BLACK BAG INTO THE CELL WITH HIM, IN WHICH CASE THE THINGS LISTED MIGHT BE CONCEALED INSIDE VARIOUS PIECES OF MEDICAL EXAMINATION EQUIPMENT - BLOOD PRESSURE GAUGE, ETC.) THE OBJECTS ARE NOW SEEN TO BE: TWO SETS OF MINIATURE GAS MASKS (THE SORT THAT ONLY FIT OVER THE NOSE AND MOUTH, LIKE SPRAY PAINTERS USE), TWO PAIRS OF TIGHT FITTING, SWIMMING GOGGLES, SEVERAL SMALL SILVER CAPSULES, ABOUT THE SIZE OF SPARKLET BULBS AND A TINY, ELECTRONIC DEVICE WITH A SPRING CLIP ON IT, ATTACHED TO A TERMINAL.

MASTER: A means to an end, that's all. In return for your freedom I shall require your cooperation in a little scheme of my own.

MAILER: Alright, but how do you know I won't double cross you?

MASTER: No one ever double crosses me, my dear Mailer. No one.

MAILER: (SHRUGS) Okay. You're calling the tune.

MASTER: Naturally. (BEAT) Are you ready?

MAILER NODS. THE MASTER HANDS HIM ONE OF THE MASKS AND A PAIR OF GOGGLES. MAILER PUTS THEM ON. THE MASTER PUTS ON THE OTHER SET AND HANDS MAILER HALF THE CAPSULES, KEEPING THE REST HIMSELF. HE PICKS UP THE ELECTRONIC GADGET AND WALKS OVER TO THE DOOR. HE RAPS SHARPLY ON IT. MAILER TURNS HIS BACK ON THE DOOR, AS THE PEEP-HOLE SLIDES OPEN, SO THAT THE WARDER OUTSIDE CAN'T SEE THE MASK HE'S WEARING. THE MASTER DARTS TO ONE SIDE OF THE DOOR AS THE KEY IS FITTED IN THE LOCK. THE DOOR OPENS. AN ARMED WARDER COMES IN. HE STOPS AS MAILER TURNS. THEN, BEFORE THE WARDER CAN BRING UP HIS STEN GUN, THE MASTER THROWS ONE OF THE CAPSULES DOWN AT THE MAN'S FEET. IT EXPLODES IN A BILLOW OF DENSE, WHITE SMOKE, PARALYSING THE WARDER ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. MAILER GRABS THE STEN GUN FROM HIM AND CHUCKS A COUPLE OF CAPSULES INTO THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE.

CUT TO:

29. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE CAPSULES EXPLODE - AND THE SMOKE ENSHROUDS THE OTHER WARDER AND THE GOVERNOR, WHO SPLUTTER AND SINK TO THE GROUND. MAILER, WITH THE CAPTURED STEN GUN AT THE READY, COMES RUSHING OUT, FOLLOWED BY THE MASTER.

AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR ANOTHER WARDER SEES THE THREAT. INSTEAD OF FIRING AT MAILER, THE MAN RUSHES TO A NEARBY ALARM BUTTON. BUT BEFORE HE CAN REACH IT, MAILER HAS OPENED FIRE. THE WARDER SPINS ROUND AND COLLAPSES

IN THE MEANTIME, THE MASTER HAS TAKEN THE ELECTRONIC GADGET OVER TO THE NEAREST WALL PHONE. HE RIPS OUT THE PHONE LEAD AND FASTENS IT TO THE SPRING CLIP. AS SOON AS HE DOES THIS WE CAN HEAR A FAINT, HIGH PITCHED SONIC TONE.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

30. INT. UTILITY. PRISON SWITCHBOARD. SAME TIME.

JUST A VERY BRIEF SHOT. THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR SUDDENLY CLAPS HIS HANDS TO HIS EARS AND DRAGS AWAY THE EARPHONES FROM THEM. WE CAN HEAR THE SONIC TONE LOUD AND CLEAR.

CUT TO:

31. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER DRAGS THE GOVERNOR'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY INTO THE CONDEMNED CELL, WHILST MAILER GETS A SET OF KEYS FROM THE OTHER WARDER'S POCKET. IN THE B.G. WE CAN HEAR THE VOICES OF THE UNSEEN PRISONERS, ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

MAILER RUSHES TO THE OTHER CELL DOORS AND UNLOCKS THEM, SHOUTING:

MAILER: (YELLS) Stay where you are till the smoke clears! I'll give you the tip.

MEANWHILE THE MASTER DRAGS THE BODY OF THE OTHER WARDER INTO THE CONDEMNED CELL.

MIX TO:

TK 9. Another Country Road. Day.

Just a quick shot of the DOCTOR speeding along the road. We pan round with him until he is out of sight and then settle on a sign-post that says: STANGMOOR 11 MILES.

32. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. LATER.

THE OFFICE IS EMPTY. THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND JO PUTS HER HEAD ROUND.

JO: Sorry to disturb you, sir, but I wondered if I might use the telephone...

SHE STOPS AS SHE REALISES SHE'S TALKING TO HERSELF. SHE COMES IN AND LOOKS ABOUT. SHE SHRUGS AND MOVES OVER TO THE PHONE ON THE GOVERNOR'S DESK. CASUALLY SHE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER. IMMEDIATELY WE HEAR THAT LOUD, SONIC TONE. JO WINCES AS THE NOISE SEEMS TO SHOOT THROUGH HER. SHE DROPS THE RECEIVER BACK QUICKLY.

CUT TO:

33. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE PARALYSING SMOKE HAS CLEARED. MAILER AND THE MASTER HAVE TAKEN OFF THEIR MASKS - AND THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN RELEASED FROM THEIR CELLS. THREE OF THEM HAVE ARMED THEMSELVES WITH THE WARDERS' GUNS - AND THE WHOLE OF THE CELL BLOCK HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THEM. ONE OF THE PRISONERS IS DONNING THE DEAD WARDER'S UNIFORM.

THE MASTER GOES TO THE TELEPHONE AND BEGINS TO DISCONNECT THE ELECTRONIC GADGET FROM IT.

CUT TO:

34. INT. UTILITY. PRISON SWITCHBOARD. SAME TIME.

THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR STILL HAS HIS HANDS OVER HIS TORTURED EARS. BUT THEN THE SONIC TONE STOPS ABRUPTLY. THE OPERATOR SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TAKE HIS HANDS FROM HIS EARS. HE'S ABOUT TO PICK UP THE EARPHONES AGAIN - WHEN THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN - AND VOSPER AND ANOTHER PRISONER ENTER, BOTH ARMED. THE OPERATOR MAKES A MOVE TOWARDS A WALL ALARM - BUT IS INTERCEPTED BY VOSPER AND COSHED. THE OTHER PRISONER TAKES OVER AT THE SWITCHBOARD.

CUT TO:

35. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

JO HAS MOVED OVER TO THE WINDOW AND IS LOOKING DOWN AT THE COURTYARD (?) BELOW. THERE'S A STARTLED EXPRESSION ON HER FACE.

CUT TO:

TK 10. Prison Entrance or Courtyard Below. Day.

From Jo's P.O.V. we see a running gun battle between some WARDERS and a bunch of PRISONERS.

36. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

RESUME THE SHOT. JO ANXIOUSLY MOVES AWAY FROM THE WINDOW. SHE GOES BACK TO THE GOVERNOR'S DESK AND IS ABOUT TO PICK UP THE PHONE - BUT SHE STOPS, REMEMBERING THAT GHASTLY SONIC TONE. INSTEAD SHE DARTS QUICKLY TOWARDS THE DOOR. HOWEVER, IT OPENS JUST AS SHE GETS TO IT. MAILER, FOLLOWED BY VOSPE BOTH ARMED, COME IN. MAILER GRINS MALEVOLENTLY AT THE SIGHT OF HER.

MAILER: Well now, if it isn't the dolly-bird with the cute line in wrist locks.

JO BACKS AWAY.

MAILER: There's no escape, luv. We've taken over the whole prison.

CUT TO:

37. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

CLOSE IN ON THE 'BOX', SPARKING AND THROBBING VIOLENTLY. PULL BACK AND WIDEN THE SHOT TO SHOW THE MASTER STANDING BEFORE IT, SMILING GENTLY, AN EXPRESSION OF TRIUMPH.

MIX TO:

TK 11. Prison Entrance or Courtyard. Day.

The DOCTOR comes driving into the courtyard and brings his car to a skidding halt. He gets quickly out and begins to run for the Administration building - but his way is suddenly barred by a couple of PRISONERS wearing Warders' jackets and caps. Both point their guns at the DOCTOR. He stops and looks down at their prison trousers. Then his attention is caught by something beyond them. From his P.O.V. we see that it is the body of a dead WARDER.

39. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. A LITTLE LATE

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR IS HUSTLED INTO THE OFFICE BY MAILER AND VOSPER. THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR SWIVELS ROUND - AND THE MASTER AND THE DOCTOR CONFRONT ONE ANOTHER.

A PAUSE.

MASTER: What did you expect ?

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) It's no surprise.

MASTER: (SHRUGS) One can't have every thing. But you did walk right into it.

DR WHO: What happened to the riot ?

MASTER: Long since over. I control the prison.

DR WHO: For how long ?

MASTER: As long as it will be necessary.

THE MASTER OPENS A DRAWER OF THE DESK AND TAKES A PISTOL FROM IT. HE POINTS IT AT THE DOCTOR'S CHEST.

MASTER: (TO MAILER) You can leave us, Mailer.

MAILER: Yes, but...

MASTER: Keep your thugs in order. As I said, the riot is over. The prison must outwardly appear to be running normally.

VOSPER: (LAUGHS) Only now it's the Screws that are behind bars.

MAILER: (INDICATING THE DOCTOR) What about him ?

MASTER: I'll look after the Doctor.

MAILER: (SHRUGS) Okay.

HE AND VOSPER EXIT.

MASTER: (EVENLY) One false move and I'll put bullets through both your hearts. And, remember, I know their exact location.

DR WHO: Why waste time. You're going to kill me anyway, aren't you ?

MASTER: When I'm ready.

DR WHO: So you are Emil Dalbiac. What happened to the real Professor ?

MASTER: He never existed. I manufacture him - out of thin air - just long enough to put the Malusyphus machine together. (LAUGHS) A boon to Mankind, they say. You remember they used those ~~words~~ same words on Larpi's Major.

DR WHO: Yes. Before they managed to destroy the thing.

MASTER: That won't happen here. The inhabitants of this planet are too stupid to save their own skins. It will destroy them.

DR WHO: And are you so certain that it won't destroy you, too ? That 'box' is recharging itself all the time. Its evil potential is growing bigger and bigger by the minute. It has an intelligence now - the product of a hundred and thirteen criminal minds!

MASTER: It won't harm me. I created it.

DR WHO: Why did you create it ? Just to wreck that Peace Conference ?

MASTER: I suppose that was my prime motive.

DR WHO: Well, you failed.

MASTER: Only because of your interference.

DR WHO: And you'll continue to fail...

MASTER: No. This time I will succeed. - because the plan now is simple - yet dramatic. Foolproof - yet audacious.

DR WHO: I've heard all that before. But I'll bet you that 'box' will bring you unstuck. You've unleashed a power beyond your control, no matter what you say. That thing'll turn on you eventually.

MASTER: Then you'd better help me keep it in check.

DR WHO: So that's why you haven't pulled that trigger yet. Maybe even you're scared, deep down, of your Pandora Box.

MASTER: I don't need it anymore. I'm not going to use it to smash that Peace Conference.

DR WHO: Then what are you going to use ?

MASTER: Not thirty miles from this spot there is a British Nuclear Rocket being transported across country to a Defence Site.

DR WHO: The NRM...

MASTER: Yes.

DR WHO: It's being escorted by a UNIT Security Section!

MASTER: A mere handful - under the command of a young Captain.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE TELEPHONE ON THE GOVERNOR'S DESK. THE MASTER FOLLOWS HIS EYES.

MASTER: Use it - by all means. The Prisoners are manning the switchboard.

DR WHO: You're going to hijack that rocket

MASTER: And launch it from here - right onto that Conference Building.

DR WHO: You'd never do it in a million years.

MASTER: Perhaps I've waited that long for a chance such as this.

AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OPENS ABRUPT - AND 829 BARNAM SHUFFLES IN.

BARNAM: I'm looking for...

THE MASTER'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED TO BARNAM FOR A SPLIT SECOND - AND THAT'S AS MUCH TIME AS THE DOCTOR NEEDS TO ACT. HE SWEEPS OFF HIS CLOAK AND SWINGS IT INTO AN ARC IN FRONT OF HIM, MASKING HIM FROM THE MASTER'S GUN. THE MASTER FIRES TWICE - AND THE CLOAK FALLS BUT THE DOCTOR HAS DARTED TO A NEW POSITION, BESIDE THE DOOR. HE LEAPS UP AND BRINGS DOWN ONE OF THE GOVERNOR'S CEREMONIAL ARMY SWORDS HANGING ON THE WALL. HE HURLS THIS AT THE MASTER, WHO IS FORCED TO DUCK OUT OF THE WAY. THE SWORD BUNES ITSELF IN THE WALL JUST ABOVE HIM. BY THE TIME THE MASTER HAS STRAIGHTENED UP - THE DOCTOR HAS GONE

CUT TO:

TK 12. Prison Entrance or Courtyard Below. Day.

The DOCTOR comes into view, running like fury for his car. He jumps into it and switches on the ignition - but the wretched thing only gives out with a sort of burping noise. He's about to try again - when some shots are fired from behind him. He ducks as the bullets whizz past his ears. Quickly he abandons the car and runs, zig zagging to avoid the bullets that are coming thick and fast from the pursuing PRISONERS.

Finally he dashes into a nearby doorway.
The PRISONERS hurry after him.

39. INT. UTILITY. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR COMES BURSTING IN AND REALISES HE'S RUN INTO A DEAD END. HE FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL BESIDE THE DOOR. TWO PRISONERS RUSH IN. THE DOCTOR DARTS OUT, PAST THEM AND SLAMS THE DOOR AND LOCKS THE DOOR ON THEM. THEY HAMMER AT IT.

CUT TO:

40. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER IS LOUNGING AGAINST THE WALL, NEAR THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE CONDEMNED CELL. HE HOLDS A STEN GUN.

CUT TO:

41. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

INSIDE THE CELL ARE TWO WARDERS, THE HEAD WARDER, DR SUMMERS, THE GOVERNOR AND JO. ALL ARE LISTENING INTENTLY.

JO: I'm sure I heard gunfire.

GOVERNOR: Perhaps there are some Warders still holding out over by 'M' Block.

DR SUMMERS: Or else Mailer has started to execute some of his prisoners.

CUT TO:

42. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR COMES INTO VIEW AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. HE STOPS DEAD AS HE SUDDENLY SEES VOSPER. THE LATTER SWINGS ROUND QUICKLY, LIFTS HIS STEN GUN AND FIRES A BURST AT THE DOCTOR. THE LATTER DIVES OUT OF THE WAY AND DISAPPEARS.

CUT TO:

43. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE GOVERNOR AND DR SUMMERS EXCHANGE GLANCES.

CUT TO:

44. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

THE PLACE APPEARS TO BE DESERTED. EVEN THE 'BOX' IS SUBDUED. THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AND THE DOCTOR PEERS IN. THINKING THE ROOM EMPTY, HE COMES INSIDE, EXHAUSTED AFTER THE CHASE. HE SCOWLS AT THE 'BOX'.

BUT THEN THE MASTER AND MAILER COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS IN THE CORNER. THE DOCTOR WHIRLS ROUND - AND FINDS HIMSELF STARING INTO THE BARREL OF MAILER'S SUBMACHINE GUN.

MASTER: Somehow I thought you'd make for here. I anticipated your every move.

DR WHO: So what now ?

MASTER: What do you think ? (BEAT)
Sit down.

MAILER LIFTS THE SUBMACHINE GUN MENACINGLY. THE DOCTOR SITS DOWN ON THE NEAREST CHAIR. THE MASTER IMMEDIATELY TIES HIM TO IT.

MASTER: Of course, you're quite right. That 'box' is dangerous. One might say - lethal. Kettering and General Cheng Teik could have told you that - if they had survived its attentions. The Pandora Box, you said. I prefer to call it - the Nightmare Machine. As you know - it's the nightmares that kill. Reverse the Malusyphus process - and the 'box' exudes evil. Every terror you have dreamed of, every horror you have ever experienced - lies dormant inside that 'box', ready, waiting for release.

THE MASTER MOVES OVER TO THE 'BOX' AND MAKES A FEW ADJUSTMENTS ON A GADGET HE'S FIXED TO IT.

MASTER: You will now know the full extent of its power.

THE 'BOX' STARTS SPLUTTERING DANGEROUSLY. THE MASTER TURNS TO MAILER.

MASTER: (TO MAILER) Get out - quickly!

MAILER NEEDS NO SECOND BIDDING. HE GOES FOR HIS LIFE. THE MASTER BACKS AWAY FROM THE 'BOX' AND ADJUSTS THE DOCTOR'S CHAIR A FRACTION, SO THAT HE IS RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE THING.

MASTER: I should like to witness your nightmares - and see the mortal effect they will have on you. But I shall have to deny myself that pleasure.

THE MASTER EXITS AND WE HEAR HIM LOCKING THE DOOR AFTER HIM.

THE DOCTOR SITS STARING AT THE 'BOX' AS IT BUILDS UP ITS EFFECT. THE THROBBING NOISE GROWS MORE VIOLENT. SPARKS JUMP AND DART ABOUT THE 'BOX'. IT BEGINS TO DISTORT AND WAVER WITH PENT UP FURY. THE THROBBING SOUND TURNS TO A SCREECHING CACOPHANY. THE DOCTOR TUGS AT HIS BONDS - BUT HE'S HELD TIGHT. THE 'BOX' SEEMS TO SHIMMER WITH HEAT AND ENERGY.

THEN THE DOCTOR'S EYES WIDEN IN HORROR FROM HIS P.O.V. WE SEE VAGUE SHAPES BEGINNING TO MATERIALISE IN FRONT OF HIM. GHASTLY, HALF REMEMBERED SHAPE

A STIFLED CRY OF HORROR ESCAPES FROM THE DOCTOR'S LIPS. THE SHAPES BECOME MORE DISTINCT. THEY TAKE FORM.

AND NOW WE SEE A WHOLE HOST OF THE DOCTOR'S PAST, NIGHTMARE OPPONENTS MOVING SLOWLY TOWARDS HIM. DALEKS, PRIMORDS, SILURIANS, CYBERMEN... ALL REAL AND GROWING LARGER BEFORE HIS EYES...

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.